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THE

DENTAL

Chance

CHAIR.



The Dental Chair.

A

POEM

OF

Lights and Shadows.

W

BY GEO. H. CHANCE, D. D. S.

DEDICATED

TO THE CHAIR, AND ITS PATRONS.

PORTLAND, OREGON:
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"Let there be light!"

DEDICATION.

DENTIST and patient having hitherto seen each other "through a glass darkly," and it being to their mutual advantage that they should "see each other face to face," these lines are respectfully dedicated

TO THE CHAIR, AND ITS PATRONS.

January, 1878.

THE DENTAL CHAIR.

“ My curse upon thy venom’d stang,
That shoots my tortured gums alang,
And through my lugs gies mony a twang,
 Wi’ gnawing vengeance ;
Tearing my nerves wi’ bitter pang,
 Like racking engines!

When fevers burn or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw or colic squeezes,
Our neighbors’ sympathy may ease us
 Wi’ pitying moan ;
But thee—thou hell o’ a’ diseases—
 Aye mocks our groan.”

Have you ever sat down in a dental chair,
And not felt a twinge to the roots of your hair ?
If not, you’re unable, my friend, to explain ;
But if it you have felt, to you it is plain
That of all forms of pain, not many compare
To that twitch of the nerves, at sight of the chair.

But the chair's not to blame—the trouble's with you,
In making your visits to see it so few.
Since teeth must be treated, which truth you'll maintain
Should you look at some jaws, just after a rain,
Which all may prevent, while the weather is fair,
By trip to the dentist—a seat in his chair.

With hand to his face, hear that merchant exclaim,
“ Make a poultice, dear wife, and please don't complain
If some brandy I've used in lulling the pain
Of this wretched old tooth, while out in the rain.”
When a slight pain borne while the weather was fair,
Now, comfort would give, in his own easy chair.

And that loving young wife, whom “hubby” calls dear,
Her eyes swollen and red with ache in her ear,
'Twas the stump of a tooth that started the pain,
While she was “out shopping” down town in the rain;
Far better had she, while the weather was fair,
Called on her dentist—had it out in his chair,

That charming young lady, just home from a call,
Her face muffled up, in a large woolen shawl;
She steps into the room like one in despair,
Unbundles her head, takes a seat in the chair,
Then cries, "Quick! take it out—oh, do stop the pain,
I thought I'd go crazy while out in the rain."

And that bright little boy, with long curly hair,
Beloved by his parents, the joy of the pair;
The mother speaks up; says she, "Doctor, we've come
To get some relief for our dear little son;
He's been crying all night with terrible pain,
Of cold in his jaw, that he caught in the rain."

Then look at that granger, uncouth as a bear,
Thinks "all doctors are rogues, their charges too dear,"
But when told he may go, he thinks of the pain
He will have in that tooth going home in the rain,
Concludes to sit down, tho' with dogged like air,
Gives a grunt, then a groan, and soon leaves the chair.

Now, in comes a Frenchman, and thus does he say:
“Bon jour, Monsieur le dentiste, I vish you good day.
I have some pain in vhat you call, s’il vous plait,
La dent sapientiae; he hurt me alway.
Voulez-vous, s’il vous plait, ze pain to me spare,
Some day zen I come, you him fill in your chair.”

Then a son of that Isle we sometimes call Green
Looks in at the door with such woe-begone mien,
In pity we say, “What ’s the matter, old man?”
“ Doctor, dear darlint, sthop this pain if you can;
Me tooth aches so bad, I ’m all out o’ repair.”
We give him relief, and he blesses—the chair.

And here is “ein deutscher mann,” just hear him say,
“Sind Sie, ein Zahnarzt, ach! ich habe Zahnweh,
Vas fuer ein land ist das vhen sometimes es rains?
Mine chaw she all schwell ub und gib me soom bains.”
We take up our wand, and that visage most rare
Soon changes its form, after leaving the chair.

A ge'man of color comes in the back way,
Has a large molar tooth that's troubled all day,
Says: "Boss, look yah, sah; I don't want to complain,
But dat toof your man filled still causes me pain.
If you'll just pull it out I tinks it more fair
As dat 'ar man learning on me in de chair."

With no thought to offend, to slur, or to stain,
So pardon I ask, should my lines seem too plain;
These portraits I've drawn without effort or strain,
I assure you they are all true in the main.
They show us the ills to which each one is heir;
Nearly all find relief when they come to our chair.

Right here, let me say to young and to old,
Though the same many times before has been told,
And to people of sense my moral is plain:
Neglecting your teeth until after a rain,
Will cause you more pain when the weather is fair,
And much longer to sit when forced to the chair.

The question 's oft asked why our teeth will decay,
And what can be done that the trouble will stay.
'Tis easier to ask than answer, my friend ;
Theories there are without number or end,
But still 'tis a question for study and care,
Nor can it be answered in *full* at the chair.

You may go where you will, from tropic to pole,
Man's body's unsound through the sin of his soul.
Tho' this you may doubt—but the preacher says so,
And while science may try the contrary to show,
He the fact still asserts that, since the first pair,
We all are unsound, from our feet to our hair.

Still, much may be done to arrest and to stay
The causes at work in those teeth that decay ;
That whilst a new body we cannot invent,
The wear of the old we can somewhat prevent ;
And when you'll do your part, the dentist his share,
Teeth, otherwise lost, will be saved in the chair.

“ When *we* do *our* part ! Why, sir, what do you mean?
My teeth I keep brushed—don’t you think they are clean?”
Well, no, they are not, though to you they so seem;
But go to your dentist, and let him them clean,
Your opinion will alter—likely you’ll stare
At the change wrought, by two hours work, in the chair.

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But I have no dentist, I hear you now say,
None in particular—ah ! that is the way
Teeth many are lost, that could really be saved,
And the road to ill health most surely is paved ;
Then, doctors and drugs—after those, in despair,
As a final resort, they come to our chair.

Which is all a mistake, my dear worthy friend.
Don’t be an example of that I’ve just penned ;
Select your own dentist, then with him remain ;
The sooner the better, if you’d avoid pain,
As the doctor, have dentist for family care,
Good cause you’ll then have to speak well of our chair.

Then, sir, or madam, in selecting your man,
Pray don't go 'round "shopping," to see if you can
Buy something that's cheap, or your man you will miss,
And though some things you forget, don't forget this,
That the dentist that's worthy, skillful, and fair,
Will have good round fees, or won't work at the chair.

But how shall I know? 's the next question you'll ask,
When a dentist I've found who'll equal the task,
That of treating my teeth, as done it should be,
For dentists, like doctors, don't always agree.
The question is fair—and as fair as I can
Answer, glance at the chair—look well at the man.

One test for a dentist, if him you don't know,
Is this, just ask him why he does thus and so;
If he can't tell you *why*, but quibbles and squirms,
Then he never principles studied, nor learns,
But to work blindly goes, as tho' from the air
That he breathes, would come all the needs of the chair.

Let your questions be clear—as clear as you can;
Don't let them be silly, you'll bother the man.
Have an object in view when questions you ask,
And a *dentist* will gladly answer; the task
Will be light—he studies to *teach* and repair;
Good work and right knowledge you'll get in his chair.

One more I will give you, if it you will heed,
When looking around, and a dentist you need.
Go to your friends, ask them, and then it may be
A dentist you'll find, one with whom you'll agree,
One honest and skillful, who'll work on the square.
Please pay him *full* fees should you sit in his chair.

But don't ask us dentists, we may not agree ;
Doctors differ in some things—well so do we.
We sometimes *get jealous*—and then, don't you see,
A wrong may be done unto him, you, or me.
I refer now to dentists, skillful and square,
Not to that baser sort, *defiling* our chair.

Well, have you well looked? Tell me what do you see?
Well, the man is well dressed, polite as can be,
But, oh! what a crowd! is this not a levee?
How they stare, and see, they are grinning at me!
Ah, ha! he's no dentist, you are into a lair,
Where your teeth he'll drag out, with gas, in the chair.

It's also the place where the cheap teeth are made,
Where you fix the price, the dentist(?) the grade.
Yes, he'll fix you up, whether matron or maid,
And "his jobs are as good as most in the trade."
If a *dentist* you need your teeth to repair,
For God's sake, keep away from him and his chair.

For God's sake, did I say? Well, please let it stand.
If you respect not yourself, think of the Hand
That created and made you, in likeness to Him
Who "spake not as man spake," who committed no sin;
And let not that vampire, with glitter and glare,
Drag out all your teeth, like a fiend, at the chair.

Yes, yes! come away—come, come out of his den;
Don't tell him your tooth aches, or else he will then
Show you his wares, so pretty, nice, and so prim,
And he'll charge you so much to put you some in;
Gives gas to drag out—like the rest of his mob;
“Charge you half price—trust you,” so he gets the “job.”

Good! you are on the outside, now you can breathe.
Oh! how you shudder, yet you'd scarcely believe
That man's but a sample of some of the thieves
Who infest our large cities, who suffering leaves
In many a home, causing sickness and care,
By him and his kind *prostituting* our chair.

Now you're on the outside and out of his fangs,
You can look at his sign—see where it hangs.
What does it say? Not that one; he doctors corns.
This is the one—Dr. Sham; and thus he informs
“His friends (?) and the public” his skill is so rare
In making “false sets,” aye, false as h—e and his chair.

Will you look for another? Have you the time?
Well, yes; ah! here's another; see you the sign?
Dr. Brass, late with Dr. Sham, set up for "hissself."
He "learnt" the trick in three months, so that the pelf
He knows how to get, viz: keep clean, comb your hair,
Wash your hands, clean your nails, and get a nice chair.

What's that in his window? "Wanted, a boy
To learn the trade." Well, well, I wish you much joy,
If you should go in there to have your work done.
If you do, he'll do for you—yes, you'll be one
Of the poor victims who so wretchedly fare—
When they are "not posted"—with him and his chair.

Gas and false teeth, are they only your theme?
Why, gas and false teeth have brought many a gleam
Of sunshine and health to grim visages lean.
That's true; they're not false in the sense that I mean.
Say teeth artificial—I'll grant you that spare
Cheeks, sunken and hollow, find relief at our chair.

Teeth artificial, why, of course, my dear soul,
They restore the lost parts, make many mouths whole,
But that is no reason *you* wantonly should
Suffer yours to decay, then over them brood,
Till the shock to your nerves no longer you'll spare,
Then go and take gas, have them out in the chair.

No, that's not the thing for which gas is given;
'Tis a blessing of God's, drawn by us from heaven,
To use, not abuse, make well, not destroy,
A reliever of pain, the source of a joy.
With such knowledge as this, what one of us dare
Make it a *curse*? destroying teeth at the chair?

But gas and false teeth are not only my theme,
Some dentists (?) I'll show you, whom you may have seen.
Please study the men as they pass in review,
Then tell me, what think you of that motley crew?
And how likely you think a victim would fare
With any of that crowd, to stand at the chair.

First comes sly Dr. Smooth—a very sleek man—
His tongue is so oily that often he can
Make you believe anything he may tell you.
He never *dictates*, but he ever will do
What you ask him, and, while you think all is fair,
He robs you of cash, and health, at the chair.

Should you want your teeth filled, he 'll fill them for you,
And he'll charge you so much, whether many or few.
When the money is paid and the fillings fall out,
He'll inform you—there is no question of doubt—
“Your teeth are too soft to be kept in repair—
Let me make you a set—not much at my chair.”

No, he never dictates nor tells you what's best;
'Tis your money he wants, from pain you want rest;
Say what he shall do, he'll do it to please you,
Those snaky-like eyes will charm and bewitch you.
He'll have your teeth out, but can never repair
The theft of those gems, while you live, in the chair.

Then that fellow, Slasher, is one of the crew
Who injures the many, but helps *very few*,
Has "a corner on cloves," so that the aroma
Of brandy's destroyed, and shows his diploma
From some agricultural show or State fair.
To prove to his friends he's well up in his chair.

He tooth-structure destroys and slashes away,
Nor stops for the pulp, though beyond the decay,
If he only can make just such a display
Of gold in the tooth, as he did on that day,
When he that diploma received at the fair,
And a "puff" can get for himself and his chair.

As knowledge we gain that diploma runs out,
Something new he must try, he then looks about
And learns of school dental, tho' not of the best,
Where diplomas they sell, where Slashers can rest
From their labors and studies. (?) Yes, he'll inquire
By *letter* the cost, and what else they require.
Thirty dollars and thesis—thought about fair—
For a nice new diploma to hang o'er his chair.

The diploma he gets, but then 'tis a fraud,
On those who have studied; they cannot afford
To be classed in that way with him and his crew,
Who *buy* their way in, while they work their way through.
'Tis not worded the same, but looks just as fair
As other diplomas that hang o'er the chair.

What think you of Smasher? Al! he is the man,
“Damns the dam rubber—don't believe in the dam,”
Builds up teeth under water; bless you, he can,
Fill all teeth that ache “without pain” (?) or the dam;
“Plastic gold” he will use, such teeth to repair,
And in less than a month you're back in the chair.

He has no diploma—that's not in his line;
No: “he's so awfully rushed he hasn't the time,”
And “them's right for boys, but no use to us men,
Who standing has got; now there's that 'ere boy, Ben,
As is learning, you see, how teeth to repair,
Can buy one some day when he sets up a chair.”

That pain he don't give you, 'tis done in this way:
Arsenic he uses, the pain to allay,
Which tooth-life will destroy, and then the next day
There is *death* in your teeth, and that is the way
Your teeth he destroys, when in need of repair,
Through *non-use of books* when he works at the chair.

Then the smashing comes in, and thus he'll begin:
“There ain't no use o' talking, my brother Jim
Had a tooth just like that, which give him the gout;
The nerves died, the matter can't never get out.
Just set down, and—here, Ben, take hold of his h—air;
Gosh! there, it's broke! thought you'd kick over the chair.”

Whilst those other fellows in cities abound,
Your rascally Scamp in the village is found,
Without learning or skill, but cunning instead.
Good people he swindles, and that way his bread
He gets buttered, and grease for his hair—
Some money he makes, *without cost*, at the chair.

And still there's another, that 's of the same stamp,
 Who all the world over is known as the Tramp.
 He 's here and he 's there, in the *interest* of Scamp;
 He 'll stop at your house, or even your camp,
 Your picture he'll take when the weather is fair,
 Or work on your teeth, if you 'll loan him a chair.

I have shown you the men, now look at their "ads."
 The first we examine is certainly bad;
 A diploma'd man from a medical school,
 An M. D., mind you; now don't say he's a fool.
 This "ad." I cut out (it is true, I declare),
 Of a paper, while resting one day, in the chair:

JIMMY HEARTLESS, M. D.,
 SURGEON DENTIST,

PARTIAL OR FULL SETS OF TEETH MADE
 on gold, all the cheaper metals and on rubber
 Base. Having all the later patent rights and improve-
 ments, with more than twenty-five years' experience,
 all jobs will be the best and cheapest in the country.
 Produce, wood, hay or lumber taken for teeth. Teeth
 extracted without pain.

N. B.—Dr. H. still practices his profession of Medi-
 cine and Surgery. Special attention given to midwifery,
 diseases of women and children, and all old chronic
 cases. Office at his house.

Success is the Evidence of Skill. 777 tf.

What think you of that? Are my portraits o'erdrawn?
 I judge you'll say not; if it don't make you yawn,
 I'll show you another, perhaps not quite so bad.
 Here is the next, I'll not charge for the "ad."
 If I did I'm afraid it would be unfair;
 To charge for an "ad." without order from chair.

DR. BRASS, (Late with DR. SHAM.)

(From whom he has a Certificate.)

TAKES PLEASURE IN INFORMING THE PUBLIC, that he is prepared to perform all operations pertaining to

DENTISTRY.

in the best of workmanship and style, in Surgical Operations and Mechanical Dentistry. Teeth cleaned, teeth extracted, teeth filled with pure gold and other materials. Artificial teeth inserted from one to *entire* full set on gold or rubber plate. Teeth and materials used are of the best quality and a perfect fit guaranteed.

☞ REPAIRS AND REMOLDS OLD PLATES. ☞

Tooth wash and powder of his own preparation constantly on hand for sale.

These other vile things I will scatter around,
 And the cursing I'll get when these leaves are found
 To contain them, will be almost as funny
 As from the old bach., who pays out his money
 For a "photo." which will the wrinkles not spare,
 Who curses the artist, and runs from the chair.

THE DENTAL CHAIR.

DR. SMOOTH.

“He never dictates.”

GOLD FILLINGS, \$2; largest size, \$5; extracting teeth, 50c, with gas, \$1; sets of teeth, \$10. ☞ We agree to *please, or no charge.*

“Some money he makes.”
DENTISTRY,
IN A STYLE SECOND TO NONE.—
Charges moderate, and all work kept in repair
☞ FREE OF CHARGE.

“Don’t tell him your tooth aches.”

DR. SHAM,

A SET OF TEETH IN THREE HOURS
at Sham’s. Rubber, celluloid, gold,
platina, etc., and everything in mechanical
dentistry with despatch.

“It’s also the place.”

BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL TEETH \$6;
gum, \$8; single, \$1; warranted.

“Gives gas to drag out.”

EXTRACTOR OF TEETH WITH NI-
trous Oxide Gas; absolutely no pain.

“Thirty dollars and thesis.”
ETHER OR CHLOROFORM ADMINISTERED.
A lady assistant in attendance. ☞ GRADUATES
ONLY employed to operate.

DR. SMASHER, DENTIST.

“Arsenic he uses.”

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL!

IS NOW ABLE TO ANNOUNCE
to nervous persons, and any one
having sensitive, decayed teeth, that
with his present mode for treating
such teeth, they can be ☞ *filled*
without pain. (?)

“Then the smashing comes in.”

THE BEST MAN TAKES!—IN
view of the hard times, we have
concluded to reduce our fees until
further notice. We will extract teeth
for 25c.; with gas or spray, 50c.; all
other work proportionately cheap.
Call and see us.

“He’s here and he’s there.”

DENTISTRY.

—

D R . T R A M P ,

Of the firm of Scamp & Tramp,

SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTISTS,

(Anywhere) City,

Would respectfully inform the citizens of this place
and vicinity, that he will be here to practice his
profession (?) on the _____ and
will stop _____ days.

DR. TRAMP does all the latest styles of work,
viz.: Take out and put in teeth, as well as fill teeth
with gold and silver leaf, or bone-filling, or white
Sement, and warrants all his jobs.

N. B.—Persons ordering new teeth will not be
charged for taking out the old ones.

Office (when not traveling) at Sunshine’s Picture
Tent.

DR. TRAMP.

Those "ads." you've just read are from a selection,
To show you the bad 's not all in one section.
More I could publish, but then it would bore you.
And the fun would be lost, and that would not do.
Real names I don't give, as it would be unfair
To all of the others who "run" such a chair.

Abandon such practice, diploma'd young men,
And boys without diplomas, go to school, then
"To the front," we'll greet you, but learn to do right—
Keep away from that crowd—be not a blight
On this our profession, to cheat and to scare;
Or try the "highway"—don't rob at the chair.

To you, our law-makers, throughout all the land,
A word in your ear; aid us, lend us a hand
In making such laws that protection will give
To the masses, so that our people may live
Without danger, or dread, when teeth need repair,
Lest ignorance and fraud may stand at the chair.

But enough of these men; a *dentist* we'll find
That will far better suit, much more to our mind,
Does not his profession abuse nor belie;
Than to do you a wrong would much rather try
To do you some good. One who's trusty and fair,
In all of his dealings, with one at the chair.

The man I would show you we call him "Old True,"
He's of the old school, and a teacher in new;
Tho' snubbed by so many, he's one of the few
Who's always stood by us to teach and to do;
So, when the load's heavy, we never despair,
Old True is right with us, to help at the chair.

Ah! there's his small sign—James True, Dentist—*that's all*.
Would you see what he's like, please give him a call,
And, should you deem fit an appointment to make,
Mind that you keep it; otherwise, you will take
His time, which will be steal—I mean, be unfair
To other patients, and, the use of the chair.

Yes, that man is a trump, the king, not the knave,
Of hearts—his heart 's in his work, trying to save.
Now, let us step in, take a look at the man,
You will never regret it—ah! now you can
See—there he stands, with that kind, pleasant-like air,
With “specs” on his nose, just beside of the chair.

With whom is he talking? Oh! 'tis a lady;
What does he say? “Yes, that is true, it may be
That another would have charged much less than I
Have; yet, for my service, the fee is not high.
Your appointment you kept not, therefore but fair
You pay for time I lost, not using the chair.”

Ah! there 's that much vexing “old question of fees”
That so bothers his life, still continues to tease,
And from which it appears he 'll never get ease,
No matter how hard he may try one to please,
Till patients can trust him to do what is fair,
When service they need, while they sit in his chair.

So, please, don't ask him how much he will charge you
To fill this tooth or that, but what there's to do;
Just to him thus say: "Doctor, please look and see
What the cost of this work is likely to be."
That's pleasant to him—to you none the less fair
Than ask "What do you charge a tooth, in your chair?"

Then, when he has told you, the subject's made plain,
And the knowledge thus learned has been quite a gain,
To do unto you as you do unto me.
That's not quite the proverb—but pay him a fee;
Yes, pay him a fee—'tis nothing but fair:
His time you have taken—and skill at the chair.

Ask him what it will cost, and should you be poor,
Then, he will not, I know, drive you from his door.
No! the Doctor is kind, and does not work more
For dollars than others who give to the poor.
Pain he'll relieve, and, when the time he can spare,
He'll give you his work without fee, at the chair.

Tho' he makes no parade—'tis not in his creed—
He 'll service donate to the poor, when in need,
Without hope of reward, for that he's above—
Moved only by sympathy, friendship, and love
For "the suffering ones." Do also his share
In relieving distress, outside of the chair.

You jewels plenty may own, and dresses a score;
But you cannot afford them when you are poor.
So, if such plea you make, of this be you sure,
That plea is too old; some have *used it* before.
He 'll look at that style, which for poor folks is rare,
And his time he won't waste on you in the chair.

There is one other phase of the subject I 'd speak,
For good of the haughty as well as the meek:
The cost for his service, there 's nothing more cheap;
Think of the strain on his nerves, hear him now speak:
"I'm glad that patient 's gone; I really declare,
That the patience of Job would yield at the chair."

Then make him your friend, and try not to deceive,
And kinder attention from him you 'll receive.
Respect skill and feelings, 'twill be to your gain;
His nerves will be better, he'll give you less pain,
Because he's a man; his feelings thus spare,
Or else don't complain should he hurt at the chair.

Should you think his fee high, sit still as you can,
In that way you 'll aid him (he's only a man)
To gain time; thus the time you will gain, not he,
For time he will charge you (the drugs are all free),
Then pay him his fee, he'll be truthful and square;
The fee 's not high, for *nerves and skill* at the chair.

Now, when children you bring, or to him send in,
Dear parent, be careful; do not commit sin
By saying "It won't hurt." you know that it will;
You do very wrong when you do so; not until
You cease such a practice, both cruel and unfair,
Will your children be taught the need of our chair.

Speaking of children, there's one other thought
Occurs to my mind, which I really think ought
To be more fully known than 'tis unto you:
The number of teeth that to each one is due;
We have two sets of teeth our food to prepare;
Right knowledge in this will save pain at the chair.

If asked at what age will the *first* have been cut,
I'll say from two years to two and a half, but
Sometimes 'tis three, scarcely ever is it four;
That ends the first set—there 'll be twenty—no more.
This also remember, and suffering spare,
“Milk” teeth decay—let us them treat at the chair.

To second we come, which commences—let 's see—
About the sixth year, more or less, it may be,
Four teeth will be cut just back of the others,
Two above, two below, making twin brothers,
And these of set second are the first two pairs
So frequently *ruined* ere reaching our chairs.

As the child reaches twelve, or somewhere about
That age, you will find other four peeping out
(Behind the first four) that each other will mate.
Now four and four added, you see, will make eight:
Then eight teeth we have, or, of molars, four pairs:
Watch them right well, and take them soon to our chairs.

When the child is eighteen—beg pardon, I mean
The man or the woman those years have then seen,
Then its wisdom crops out—tho', when frankly told.
More wisdom will have when years three-twenty old.
Then, oh dear! and oh, dear! but sometimes, tho' rare,
Wisdom fully crops out—no use for the Chair.

I've now told of teeth—molars—due unto you
Other twenty all have—except very few—
Which, added to twelve, will make thirty-two.
Those molars first mentioned I pray you now do
Neglect not; they oft are in need of repair,
And many are lost before reaching the chair.

While I'm imparting this sound information,
Please don't, my dear friend, use this exclamation:
"Why! I thought we shed all of our teeth!" That's wrong—
We only shed twenty; the others belong
To set second; have them all kept in repair;
Then danger of loss will be less at the chair.

Once more about children: How do you feed them?
Are their meals of *fat pork, rich pies and cakes*, then
End with jellies and jams, *strong coffee* and *tea*?
If so, the tooth-structure is bad; you see
You are not doing right, their teeth to prepare
To resist that disease which comes to our chair.

Feed them oat meal, cracked wheat, the grains in the coarse;
Give less of the hog; feed them more like your horse.
Should the water they drink be lacking in lime,
Put lime in the water, and in a short time
Their teeth will be better, and better will fare
When the children you bring to sit in our chair.

And now to our patrons a word, one or two:
Do unto us as you'd we'd do unto you.
Act justly toward us, we value our name.
Don't scold at our failures—you may be to blame.
Come back to us quickly, we'll gladly repair
Errors made by our heads, or hands, at the chair.

There is one thing I'd say about dental schools:
Some learned M. D.'s who don't think us quite fools
Say there's not much to learn, unless taught by them.
But, you see, the world moves regardless of men;
And *our* world is moving, not so fast, but fair.
To God we give thanks for sustaining our Chair.

Here's our brother M. D.—let's give him a call;
His practice commenced at the time of "the fall."
He was preacher and doctor and patriarch, too;
The most noted of old was Moses, the Jew.
Now the labor's divided—each gets his share—
And we our division work out at the chair.

The words "Partial culture" are used, in these days,
To show one how little we know of the ways
Of medical science; better far it would be
By him to be taught, then he'd dub us M. D.
That reads smooth enough, and may seem to be fair,
But a dentist knows best the needs of our Chair.

He talks of our schools; he thinks and he fears
We are on the wrong track—that in a few years
We will have to succumb, tho' it may be in tears.
And be taught at his school, by him and his peers.
All of which may be true, but is it quite fair.
When little he knows of the wants of our Chair?

These "Dental Mechanics" he don't like a bit;
Such men dirty their hands, and then are unfit
To stick double D. S. beside his M. D.,
Tho' we oft do the work, when he gets the fee.
Much more could be said, but his feelings I'll spare,
If he'll only consent to be good to our Chair.

Then, some years ago, when he tried to teach all—
Allowed treatment of teeth to “go to the wall,”
Or blacksmith or barber—it mattered not which;
Thus the blind led the blind, and oft fell in the ditch;
But now, when we’ve learned how our teeth to repair,
“Partial culture,” his words when he speaks of our Chair.

No! no, my dear sir; you may talk, and may preach;
But before you are ready our students to teach,
Please study our books; we admit you’ve read much
In your own, and there’s some, yes, *many*, of such
Must be used by our students to fit and prepare
For this our vocation, to stand at the chair.

But the field is too large for one to plough all,
And he that would try it must “go to the wall.”
“Division of labor” our motto has been,
And the good we have done is plain to be seen;
There are some things we don’t know, still we will dare
To think that we know who will best fill our Chair.

And now, my dear brothers. I turn me to you:
The good and the worthy—the fair and the true.
Let us work for our schools—their errors deplore;
Let us work, pray, pay, teach, beseech, and implore:
Throw out the bad timber; use plummet and square
In building the structure, or—down goes the Chair.

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